

## External/Internal

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## External/Internal

by [Hambone](#)

### Summary

Shockwave, as a last resort, uses himself as a test subject.

### Notes

I had a great need to write more egg laying. Enjoy!

It was not something that should have been any different than a normal test, but there was a twenty percent margin of error and that was a bigger risk than he was used to taking. It did not help that he had no more capacity for trials, no more ability to gather test subjects. He had no time to waste on worry, though, and no energy to spare on emotion. Holding the dispenser tube up to his optic, he observed the silvery liquid sluggishly trickle down the glass inside.

It was a gamble, but one he had meticulously prepared for. Out in the wastes, still a little gray from his encounter with the undead beasts of Unicron lunar cycles before, he knew there was little to no chance of his being assisted should he fail. The thought did not stop him, though it did give him pause.

That was what worried him the most; he should not have been worried. This was indeed a means for his own survival, but if it failed he could be no worse off than he was currently. Still, he watched his hand tremble slightly, as though his servos had locked, even as his interface paneling slid aside and bared him to the tools of the procedure.

It was a good thing the work did not require a steady hand.

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Darksteel and Skylynx brought his rations late, as usual, nipping and clawing at one another as they attempted to squeeze through the passage to his makeshift living space. It had been designed with the Predacons in mind, but Shockwave had been slow to factor in their tendency to wrestle, and it proved to be a detrimental decision on his part. Shelves and beakers rattled dangerously as they finally managed to breach the passage, snarling accusations under their fiery breath.

“Brought your grub.”

Darksteel, eloquent as ever, dumped his cubes so violently it seemed they might rupture. Shockwave approached to inspect the goods, gait oddly slow and careful.

“Good.”

He felt their intent stares and sighed, looking up.

“Thank you.”

It was not exactly forced, but he was not used to having to make these pleasantries. The Predacons had a system heavily based upon honor and strength and he was only currently alive because of them, the metaphorical bottom of the food chain.

“You should be thankful!” Skylynx pranced around with his helm held aloft.

“Predaking could choose to end your spark at any given klik! We own you now, Con.”

“I am aware.”

He was. It would not be hard. Turning back to his work tables, he began the slow process of transporting the energon cubes to his storage case. Something inside him twinged painfully and he stumbled.

“What’s wrong with you? Got a virus or something?”

The Predacons were suddenly attentive, though not overly upset. Shockwave did not cease his work.

“I do not have a virus.”

They shifted, cocky but uncomfortable.

“That’s not really an answer, is it?” Darksteel clapped his beak, almost a threat, but they didn’t push the matter further.

“Do you have what the King wants?”

Shockwave leaned against his work table, resting a moment. He needed more rest than he should have, recently.

“Soon.”

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He had anticipated discomfort, but it had been a long time since anyone had performed such an act and the real gravity of what he had done set in slowly. The heavy feeling in the pit of his stomach he had initially attributed to excess fluid grew, until he found himself burdened by the weight. Sometimes this was accompanied by a sickness, a creeping, deep feeling from within him with no real outlet. It made him stagger like a drunk, too dizzy to control his movements, gun arm swinging to knock things from their shelves. Even when he sat or reclined it remained at the forefront of his sensory being, and at times he felt himself growing distant from his work simply to soak in the feeling. It absorbed him, circuits and mind alike.

The nights were almost worse, because, while he was used to declining himself rest during periods of intensive progress, he now could hardly find it when he wanted. He was unable to create a coding patch with his limited means, and did not trust it not to damage his work even if he did. He found within himself a desire, at times, to terminate the experiment out right, but quashed the thought as soon as it developed. This was his only real means of a continued existence. He could not squander that chance because of a mere physical upset.

Beyond that, as often as he found himself overwhelmed by the process, there was another side to the feeling. Occasionally, in a quiet moment, there would be a tug at his spark. Not so much a physical one, although he did entertain the idea, but one forged of physical relations nonetheless. He wrote in depth about the sensation, attempting to categorize and catalogue every aspect of it, because all things in this universe were capable of being treated thusly, but he found it difficult to put into words. Logic told him that it was the natural reaction, the old and buried protocols floating to the surface of his processor to keep him from doing things that would possibly damage the progression in his stomach, to ensure he would care for the outcome. He had not expected it to be so powerful.

He moved between stages of desperate hunger and a complete lack of desire to consume anything at all. The bearers of his sustenance, dull as they were, began to take notice, but he would not explain it to them and they did not know the world well enough to ask the right questions. Still, his sudden spike in consumption rate was enough to alarm them, and their final threat was more of a warning than anything else.

“Predaking will hear of this.”

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He did not fear Predaking. He had raised the creature by hand, stroked its plating while it developed, soothed it after its failed battles with the Autobots. Certainly he had not known of its higher intelligence, ability to transform, but it was not so surprising as to have made him lose his connection to the beast.

Predaking felt it too.

“They tell me you have been acting strangely.” As he spoke he strode, clicking his claws together as he observed the quiet, dim laboratory. Shockwave stood to greet him, but sat back down almost immediately. Predaking’s optics twitched just a fraction and Shockwave knew he had noticed.

“Did you lie to us about your distance from death’s door?”

Straightening his back, Shockwave did not break optical contact for a moment.

“No. It is merely a result of my work.”

That was not a lie, but a rather large omission nonetheless. The Predacon turned to face him fully, almost hunched beneath the low ceiling.

“There is a difference in you. I can smell it.”

He stalked closer, lowering himself to one knee to better reach Shockwave’s level. His gaze was a challenge but Shockwave did not rise to it, simply allowing the beast to look him over, sniffing and puffing quietly, optics analyzing the data before them. Predaking was wizened by his genetics but still young. Shockwave did move.

“Why do you act in such a secret manner? Did I not give you a second chance at life? Did I not sequester you away to recover from your wounds, feed you while you lay incapacitated?”

Shockwave nodded, breast heaving.

“Of course. But that was in return for the favors I did you when you yourself were helpless. Though I would likely fade should you choose to revoke your assistance, I do not owe you anything.”

Predaking snarled, peeling his lips back to display his jagged teeth.

“Do not toy with me! I demand an answer!”

“I cannot give you one.”

The beast surged forward, grasping his shoulders with both hands and pressing in close, alive with the fire of battle.

“You intentionally withhold facts from me! That alone is cause for suspicion!”

Shockwave turned his helm to the side in a manner he knew presented as submission.

“Then you will be suspicious.”

With a roar he was knocked from his chair, back into the table behind him. His left arm raised, canon priming, but Predaking was faster than his wilted reflexes and he was pinned. With a small grunt of pain, he hunched over, the shift of his plating covering the small bulge of his stomach.

“Shockwave, you *dare* play games with *me*?”

As always, his anger was righteous. Shockwave did not move an inch, the feeling of hot breath against his neck stirring him oddly. Predaking ventilated loudly, as if still trying to sniff out the source of his deception. He turned, ever so slightly, tilting himself outward to meet the Predacon’s touch.

The reaction was instantaneous. Predaking was on him, growling into his plating as his mouth met with Shockwave’s throat, teeth nipping and sliding along the cables there. His claws plucked down the wiring of his waist, almost too harshly, drawing across his breast until white powder bled from the glass. Shockwave’s hips rolled, something inside his stomach dancing at the touches, processor seemingly paralyzed as spark-deep protocols set in.

It was physical, he told himself, the reaction of the growth inside him to a necessary source of energy and genetic material. It was partially a lie and he knew it.

He was at the beast’s mercy within nano-kliks, propped back up on the table like a doll. He had

never been in a situation like this before, the obvious signs of impending interface all there but no indications for him to read, how to react or respond, and so he did not. Predaking moved above him, an animal, shoving his thighs apart, his arms to his sides, his nips turning to bites as the heat between them grew.

And how it did. Shockwave had felt it, for a long time now; the pressure inside him expanding down, the squeeze, the swell of his valve that would not cease. He had attempted to relieve himself of it once, but his hand had trembled and his work as sloppy. Now he burned until he well and truly shook, a small, almost indistinguishable noise escaping his vocalizer.

Predaking was too observant.

“You deny me information and yet you practically beg for my touch? How humble you have become.”

Another moan, louder this time, was wrenched from him, a hand moving to grind indelicately against his panel. The approach was direct and he appreciated it for that, but he was unprepared and circumstantially disadvantaged. He was not someone who interfaced often, if at all, but he was no stranger to the need. It overwhelmed him now, and his stomach lurched.

Predaking almost laughed as his hand finally detached from the table top, grasping at his spiny chest with need. He did not beg though. He hiccupped small sounds of pleasure, shuddered and flashed his bio lighting, but he never begged.

Their bodies shifted together, Predaking’s natural flow guiding Shockwave’s stiff movements, until the he found himself flipped over, chest to the table, his knee padding lowering back to raise his aft and support his great weight. It was the position of animals in heat. He clicked away his panel with no reservation.

“Ah,” Predaking exclaimed, nearly a laugh, “but you are eager!”

It was a true observation, one likely meant to show dominance, but Shockwave took note of the Predacon’s own shivering voice, the heat that blossomed from his spark. He was not alone in his eagerness.

The feeling of Predaking’s spike extending between his thighs almost made him collapse, and he found himself, amazingly, grinding his breast into the table as he arched his back as well as he could, exposing himself better. Predaking produced a noise caught between a snicker and a guttural growl, pressing his full weight between Shockwave’s wings and holding them together for a moment, unmoving apart from the slow shifting of his spike against Shockwave’s leg. The heat it produced was enough to make him dim his optic, the sight of his scattered tools and data pads before him dimming into pale grays. A strand of lubricant managed to escape the walls of his valve paneling, drooling onto the desk below.

“There,” Predaking whispered, and he reached back, claws trailing up the cleft of Shockwave’s valve, “there...”

He was not sure exactly to what he was referring, and Shockwave wanted to ask but could not, the only noise he was capable of making without fear of losing his control being a soft, fractured gasp as he was penetrated for the first time in eons. He did not dare move, almost halted his ventilating protocol, but as his heating spikes he was forced to allow it, allow his fans to ratchet up another level until they roared in the echoing tunnels. Predaking’s touch was intentionally soft and experimental, two claws probing and hooking almost as if he were performing a medical exam.

When his thumb found Shockwave's external node he seemed to grow impatient, rubbing with a touch perhaps too firm. Still, Shockwave was silent. It seemed to frustrate him.

Wordlessly he bit at one of Shockwave's antenna, tugging his helm back as his unoccupied hand simultaneously dragged his hips into his thrusting fingers. The doubling sensations of pain and pleasure made him clench and Predaking's growl grew into a full bodied rumble of approval. He tugged away, tooth and claw alike, aligning his spike with no further warning. Shockwave could only wait, the sea in his stomach raging.

"Do you want me to take you, scientist?"

It was not a challenge, this time, or an insult. He kept them both waiting, the air heavy with promise.

"Do you want me to take you?"

"Yes."

He thrust inside, not quickly but without pause, a deep, strong push that spread Shockwave wider than he could ever remember having been. His calipers flared, shrieking as their limits were tested, but the king moved with care, and they adjusted to accommodate him, barely, trembling without end. A hand came to encircle the back of his neck where teeth had worried the tissue moments before, but the touch was not a threat so much as a kindness, a show of dominance without intent to harm. Shockwave surprised himself by arching into the gesture, engine rumbling. It was not something he would normally appreciate, but in the moment it felt, for lack of a better word, right.

Fully seated, his spike surpassed his expectations, comfortably nudging his anterior nodes. He tried to analyze the sensation, the ridges and bumps along the shaft, the tingling around the head that felt suspiciously like an extra ring of sensory clusters, but it was hard to focus when Predaking's steaming breath once again tickled the back of his helm, a pleased growl echoing through his chest along Shockwave's back. His free hand stroked down the bio lighting of his hips, claws finding purchase above his pelvic span and anchoring there as he shifted ever so slightly.

"Ah," he spoke, quietly, against Shockwave's antennae, "the *feeling* of you. Like a breeder in heat."

Shockwave said nothing, static crackling through his vocalizer ever so slightly. Predaking was pleased enough with the involuntary ripple of his valve walls around him, beginning the slow grinding that would assist in loosening him up. Clutching at the table with his singular hand, Shockwave attempted to steady himself. Though he was already pressed chest to table, he was too bulky to maintain the position with any grace, and his fingers turned to claws against the warming metal as he attempted to remain still as possible. Even Predaking's calming hand at his waist could not prepare them for the violence of his first true thrust.

He could not hold back his broken gasp, the sound deep and resonant in his voice. Predaking snapped their hips back together in response, delighted by the reaction, and was rewarded with another one. It was incredibly how his Predacon brand of interface could manage to be as wild and yet as controlled as it was, the kingly aura not being lost once even as he doubled over his prey, panting and snarling. Shockwave threw his helm back, optic lit brighter than it had been even before his injuries, dragging small wells into the table top.

The pressure inside himself was unimaginable. He had not anticipated this, not anything like this, and the feeling of a spike spreading him wide as the weight of his gestation tank fought against it was pure bliss, edging on pain. His knees scarped furrows across his workspace, ones that would

not likely buff out, and the joints ached as he was spread wider and wider, slipping and sliding with no coordination. The charge crackled up his spinal strut before he could even fully comprehend it, nearly blinding him as a particularly forceful press of Predaking's hips finally threw his legs from beneath him.

He slipped, he struggled, Predaking supporting him on the same side as his good hand, cannon banging into the shelves beyond uselessly. Their struggles shifted the spike inside him almost hard enough to hurt and this time he actually cried out, surprised and desperate. With what was nearly a roar Predaking thrust his own leg forward, bracing them both against the table and lifting Shockwave's displaced limb to ram into him, taking full advantage of the awkward position.

That was almost all it took, and after a spare few more thrusts Shockwave overloaded, scrabbling against the table as if he too were a beast. With no ability to hold himself steady any longer, Predaking bit into Shockwave's shoulder hard enough to crumple the metal and rutted against him, forcing his spike so deep Shockwave felt he would burst. When his overload came it was intense, a wave of electricity snapping between them, the air smelling rough and burnt as his transfluid spilled inside. Something along the ridges twitched and Shockwave felt a pang of shark pain, recognizing only too late the tingling he had first observed was the backs of upturned spines that now flared to hold him still. If anything the added tug on his inner walls made him hotter, rippling into another small overload that managed to flare into a larger one as his clenching dug the spines in harder.

They were stuck, then. Predaking wrapped his arms around Shockwave's waist, surprisingly gentle, and pulled him back onto his lap as they sunk to the floor. He panted into Shockwave's neck, purring.

"Do you use such a coy technique with all your lovers?"

Shockwave's helm was hanging down, half shielded by the great plate of his breast.

"I have interfaced before, but I do not take lovers."

The Predacon laughed heartily, the movement tearing his spines a bit inside Shockwave making him grunt with displeasure. His thighs were wet and glimmering with discharge, but he found the warmth of it oddly comforting. The movement in his belly had ceased, for now, small program sequences generating to accept and distribute the code they had just been given to work with. This had not at all been part of his plan, but it was certainly not a detriment to it.

"Then I am pleased to call myself your first."

He rubbed against Shockwave, and it was only too late he realized the claws were straying lower than he would have liked. Predaking seemed to take no notice of his distended state, however, ventilations slowing as his helm fell back against the table side.

They remained seated together long after his spines disengaged.

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He cleaned meticulously. He had never cared much for spotlessness outside of the controlled climate of the lab, but now it seemed a second instinct. There was surely a reason for it, somewhere, but he found himself too tired afterwards to ponder it much. He was less disturbed by this development than he felt he should have been.

He had a large berth, because when he had first arrived here he had been in dire need of one. Now

it was as if he had reverted to those days of weakness, resting more than he worked, consuming more than he developed. An itch inside his cranial casing urged him to gather materials, soft ones, to line his place of recharge, and though he did not have much to work with he managed to create a satisfactory pile before long. The Predacons were only mildly confused when he requested padding in his next shipment of supplies, because his requests were often obtuse and strange to them. It was a great good that they had long ago ceased questioning his motives.

In the dark, when he had finished working (because really, the days and nights had ceased to define his time awake and not long ago), he would sometimes find himself coming to the surface of recharge with a strange sensation of feelings that were not his own. His hand brushed over his gut gently, realization dawning slowly as recharge still fizzled in his neural net.

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He refused to stand when his next energon shipment came. Dumping the extra berth pad he had asked for, Skylynx cocked his helm, beast mode clicking curiously.

“What’s your problem?”

Darksteel shoved around him, sniffing suspiciously. Shockwave did not mind him, instead welding some minor mechanism together without so much as a glance towards them.

“I am busy. Thank you for your delivery. I shall need only energon for the next, I believe.”

Still, they hovered, and it was not for nearly ten kliks of him silently welding until they chose to finally remove themselves from the premise.

He stood. With shaking legs he crossed the room, to the berth, knees knocking as he climbed unsteadily into his makeshift nest. He braced a hand against the wall, squatting, and listened. Logically, the two had left. He knew they had. He had seen them go; the security cameras strategically placed and wired via receiver directly into his processor had recorded it. He listened, even as his interface paneling split apart and let spill the amniotic fluid that had been building all through their conversation.

Again the fear built, a swell of internal mechanisms overwhelming his senses, and he teetered where he sat, groaning quietly. The pressure inside him rocked and twitched and his fans turned on instantly, plating loosening as he tried to call up every piece of data he had been stockpiling throughout the process for this moment, the rules of emergence, but his brain felt sluggish and numbed. Suddenly the sensation focused, acutely, on one spot, one large pulse of movement inside him, and he could remain crouched no longer, tipping back onto his haunches as gravity tugged the width through the first gate.

His claws dug into one of the many berth pads surrounding him, the one recently brought by his Predacon keepers forgotten by the doorway. Attempting to set his internal recording system properly, he gazed down between his legs, watching the seemingly ceaseless flow of fluid from between his swollen valve lips. The egg spread his calipers wide and they rippled in a long, thorough pulse, moving it through his body in a way he could not have practiced but instinctually knew.

It seemed to take cycles for the first egg to breach the outside air, although his internal chronometer recorded only two point eight nano-kliks. The rounded point gleamed a dim reflection of his optic, squeezing harder and harder until it slid into the sheets, clean and smooth, a finely polished oblong marble. After it another was swift to follow, sticking just at the exit. He could see



its shape bulging behind his valve, cycling air quickly as he attempted to calculate the correct amount of force to control its passage.

He didn't have much time to worry about it. Before he could properly react, another still squeezed down from his gestation tank, pressing against the first and forcing it forward. His hips rocked upwards, helm falling back as he shook out a moan. It was normal to be somewhat aroused during the process, he knew, but it made it hard to think and that was always dangerous. The doubling pressures inside of him, rolling against one another while he struggled to control himself, shot bolts of pleasure up his spinal strut, spark pounding as it lent the necessary components to his work.

Finally, one of the eggs began to push through. Despite his distraction he could see it, the bulbous end forcing its way out first, spreading the dark lips of his valve until they paled at the effort. He shook, the egg pulsing outwards with every attempt made by his calipers to expel it, squeezing and straining but not quite making it. His entire frame roared, steam beginning to hiss from his joints as he struggled. It was as if the only part of his body he could move without detriment was the components related to this singular action, as if the continued turning of his spark depended on it. He was silent aside from his shifting and groaning, watching.

With a shower of fluid the second egg popped loose, followed, before he could regain any kind of balance, by the third, which managed to squirm through his system despite being roughly the same size. He did cry out then, an unexpected overload taking him, electricity skittering over his plating as his hips jumped, the mad clenching of his valve drawing another egg into its passage. It was almost too much, and he reached toward himself without knowing what he intended to do. He was more than well lubricated now, his normally sluggish systems running in what seemed like overtime. Strings of fluid, dark against his plating, drooled down into the sheets, clinging to his thighs viscously. With an unsure hand, he touched his fingers to his valve lips, spreading them slightly as the egg approached.

Six, he thought, there had been six overall. Three more inside him. His vents heaved, and for a brief moment the small illogical side of his mind questioned if he would be able to do it, to perform this natural duty without seriously damaging himself. The worry abated when, aided by his spreading, the egg began to press through his valve entrance. The other two were close behind, a rush of fluid building an extra pressure inside him as his gestation tank finally, blissfully emptied. He could not help but moan and shake, and he slid the tips of his fingers inside along the egg, tugging himself just a fraction wider. It should have hurt but every protocol in his system was blaring about the rightness of the situation, the goodness of his choice to reproduce, and what would have been discomfort translated as nothing but pleasure, and he squeezed hard in another overload.

The eggs bunched against each other, and with a great wet noise they forced their way into the world, one after another in quick succession. It was a complete sensory wipeout, every nerve nodule in his body blinded by it, and it would not stop. Each egg brought about a new gush of sensation and it wracked his frame in tremor after tremor of overload, even after the final one had passed and he lay where he had fallen back, in his makeshift nest, squirting the remains of what fluid was left inside him with every shudder.

He had succeeded. Not completely, as actually nurturing and rearing the eggs and subsequent hatchlings was key to the entire procedure, but he had carried and lain a brood of his own, without grievous bodily harm, without damaging or failing any of the sparks inside of him. He could feel, dizzily, the heat from them between his legs where they lay.

"I was told you were ill...I could not have guessed that this is what they meant."

Shockwave struggled to lift his helm and then let it fall back as Predaking loomed into view. His optics were wide and curious, and Shockwave could just detect the flare of his energy field as he attempted to fully understand the situation.

“I am not ill,” he said, vocalizer ripe with static.

“Good,” Predaking knelt, “that would not be good for your offspring.”

He was unsure whether he was allowed, by whatever code he followed, to touch. Shockwave watched him quietly struggled with himself, finally settling to press a hand gently onto Shockwave’s gut. He groaned in mild discomfort but made no effort to stop him.

“Why did you not inform us?”

He had no answer for the king.

“Are they...are they a result of our coupling?”

“No,” Shockwave’s helm turned lazily,” but they do carry some of your genetic material as a result. I had originally simply mixed the batch with...with...”

He trailed off, systems begging for recharge, for fuel. He shut off the input to his extremities, focusing all his energy on regulating his frame to its normal state of being. Predaking stroked him, enthralled by the clutch. Shockwave’s optic off lined of its own accord and he let it, powering down slowly.

“Why did you do this, then? What did you hope to achieve?”

“The Decepticon way must be passed on,” he muttered, not caring much for these questions, “I am not one of sentiment, but I... I need to ensure that my work is...will eventually be finished...”

Predaking said nothing immediately, and even if he had Shockwave would likely not have heard it. Recharge claimed him. When he awoke, Predaking was still there despite several cycles having passed. The Predacon rested with his back to the wall, seemingly having been watching the nest before recharge.

Shockwave could not rise just yet. It was a good thing that Predaking was here, because now the solar cycles of rationing and resting he had planned to take on himself were made much easier by the beast’s merit.

When he had survived the attack by Unicron’s forces, Predaking had allowed it. Predaking had allowed him to take shelter on his lands, to enjoy a small amount of the fruits of his labors, energon, materials, protection. He did not mend quickly or well, whatever brush with the otherworldly powers of death Unicron had inflicted upon him lingering. Perhaps it would linger that way forever.

It mattered very little. He had worked, but his work lacked reason. Predaking had requested more troops, more Predacon clones, and he had had no means to give them to him. He had not cared much then, and he did not now, although he felt, in the strangest of ways, an affinity for Predaking. The beast had claimed that they were no lovers, possibly in jest.

It was odd then that, now, as he slowly rose and then fell again, to warm the eggs against his breast, he was touched by the proposition. Predaking stirred lightly and Shockwave fell to recharge again.

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